WALTHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 4867 00650 2530

THE MIRROR

W.H.S.

Graduation Number

(June) 1919

Wal. Ref.
EDUCATION
1919

The ONE BRIGHT SPOT IN WALTHAM

WALTHAM'S

New Central Square Theatre

Season of 1918-1919 presenting
the world's foremost photoplays

All Paramount and Artcraft Pictures will be
Shown at This Theatre Two Weeks
After the Boston Theatres

One visit will convince you of its superiority

Shows start at 2.15 Matinee
and 6.45 and 8.30 Evenings

WALTHAM TRUST COMPANY

The Strongest Financial Institution in Waltham

DEPOSITORY

of the

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX AND
CITY OF WALTHAM

Edward P. Sanderson, President

Frank W. Brigham, Vice President
Clifford S. Cobb, Vice President
Shirley H. Eldridge, Treasurer
Charles J. Fogg, Secretary
Clinton A. Coolidge, Asst. Treasurer
Frank J. Kelly, Asst. Treasurer

JAMES G. BURGIN, Proprietor

CANOE STORAGE

Woerd Avenue Boat House

BOATS AND CANOES TO LET
by the hour, day or season

WALTHAM, MASS.

WALTHAM
PUBLIC LIBRARY

Grober J. Cronin

FOR THE YOUNG LADIES

Underwear Neckwear
Hosiery Corsets
Waists
HEATH & CO.
SPECIALTY STORE

Legal Stamps May Manton Patterns
209 MOODY ST.

MARCY COAL COMPANY

Coal, Wood, Hay, Straw and Building Materials

33 Moody St., Waltham Tel. Waltham 8

UP-TO-DATE STYLES IN
SHOES
At Reasonable Prices for
BOYS AND GIRLS
at
ROSENBERG'S
87 Moody St., Waltham

Geo. O. Carter & Co.
155 MOODY STREET
RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Carter, Baine Co.
MAIN & RICH STS.

J. M. QUINN
157-161-165 MOODY STREET
WALTHAM, MASS.

THE MIRROR

VOL. XIV. WALTHAM, MASS., JUNE, 1919. NO. 14

"---to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature"

Hamlet, act III. Sc. ii.

Editorial Staff

Associate Editors: Winthrop Clapp, '20; Eleanor L. Moore, '20.

Business Manager: Alvah Wheeler, '21.

Assistant Business Manager: Bernard Levison, '21.

Exchange Editor: Marjorie Bacon, '19.

Assistant Exchange Editor: Marjorie Childs, '20.

Athletic Editors: Percy Harrell, '19; Edith Bullock, '19.

LITERARY EDITORS:

Bertha Carney, '19
Hannah Webster, '19
Aleva Libby, '19
George Tcimpidis, '20
Lionel Mosher, '20
Marion Williams, '20
George Livermore, '21
Constance Arnold, '21
Miriam Peirce, '21

CLASS REPORTERS:

Jessie Reed, '19
Viola Garfield, '19
Ruth Mott, '19
Pattye Ludden, '19
Kilby Smith, '20
Herbert MacDonald, '20
Edna Sanderson, '21
Evelyn Springer, '21
Myron Allen, '19
Grace Carlstrom, '20
Lena Caughey, '20
Muriel Richards, '20
Hobart Mairs, '22
Robert Storer, '21
Hillman Fallon, '21
Percy Shain, '22
Beatrice Garfield, '22
Helen Hunt, '22

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Federally funded with LSTA funds through the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners

http://archive.org/details/mirrorwalthamhig1919walt

SALUTATORY

BERTRAM EUGENE WARREN

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my pleasure tonight to offer you all a most cordial welcome in behalf of my class and the Waltham High School. I wish to assure you that we appreciate your coming here to help us to make this last event a success. For us, these exercises represent the top of the ladder, which for four years we have been slowly but patiently climbing. We have been obliged to spend these four years in very stirring and somewhat troublesome times. War was declared by the European powers about a year before we entered the High School; it was during our Sophomore year that we cheered Uncle Sam's entry; and now, peace is finally concluded just as we graduate.

Now that the war is over, many changes are sure to be introduced into our educational systems. It has been said, and in some cases with some degree of truth, that the high school of today is not adapted to the needs of the many, but prepares only for college. For some time educators have also expressed dissatisfaction with the studies, and the methods of teaching them, in the last two years of the grammar school. Our present system of schools seems to afford criticism on three points:

1. The abruptness of the change between the grammar and the high schools.
2. The large amount of retarding, elimination, and levelling in our grammar schools.
3. The late provision for recognition of individual differences.

The studies and the methods of teaching them, in the high schools are so different from those of the grammar schools that it is some time before the bewildered freshman commences to see any light. From one teacher, who taught him in every subject, and who knew him in every mood, he is suddenly confronted by several teachers, not one of whom knows him. Then again, grammar school teachers are graduates of normal schools, where as much emphasis is put on methods of teaching as into the subject matter itself; while on the other hand, high school teachers are college graduates who have been taught the subject matter, but not so much the methods of teaching. This is bound to create a difference in the methods of teaching in the grammar and the high schools.

As to retarding and elimination, if a pupil is dull in a certain subject and fails in it for a year, even though he is in good standing in the rest of his studies, he must repeat them all in order to make up the one subject in which he failed. This causes a needless and wasteful amount of repetition, which becomes discouraging and monotonous to the pupil.

As to the last fault, no recognition of individual differences is made until the pupil has reached the high school. Here, for the first time, he is allowed to choose the studies which he wishes to take.

To meet these needs, the Junior High School was introducd several years ago in one of our western states. The number of these junior high schools has gained so rapidly in the last three years, that there are now over one hundred here in New England, alone. This new unit is defined as a new grouping of grades seven and eight of the grammar school, with the first year of high school, in which there shall be freedom in choice of studies by pupils; a considerable change in the traditional content of the subjects and methods of instruction; departmental teaching; promotion by subject; and prevocational work.

Under the junior high school plan, the aptitudes and abilities of the pupil are more easily discovered and provided for, owing to the choice in studies which is allowed. The uncertainty of the pupil as to what he really wishes to do, is met by the use of prevocational work. Because of this, manual training, printing, household arts, and business courses have been included in the junior high school program. The pupil is not expected to gain any especial skill in this work, but merely to find out for himself the kind of work for which he has the greatest aptitude. Mistakes in choices are less costly in this early period of the pupil's life, than if made later, as in high school or college.

Another advantage of the junior high school is found in its departmental instruction. It has

been found that the teacher's energy is saved, and her efficiency raised, by limiting her field of work. The practise of some junior high schools having two teachers in the first year, three in the second, and full departmental teaching in the third, seems to be a great step towards a gradual transition from the one teacher plan of the grammar school, to the departmental plan of the high.

Still another change, to be brought about by this plan, is the earlier introduction of certain subjects, especially modern languages. It is now unanimously agreed among educators that the seventh grade is a better place to begin the study of a language, than is the first year of high school. Thus, Latin, French, Spanish, and German will have a place in the studies of this new institution. This argument for starting languages earlier in life is conclusively proved to us every day, by the foreign immigrant family; for the small child is carrying on a conversation in English long before the parents can utter even a few broken sentences.

It is probable that you have already asked the question, "Why can't we simply take our schools as they are, and introduce the new studies there, without beginning an entirely new institution?" This is easily answered, for in every department of life it is found easier to create a new institution than to reform the old one which is so hampered by set ideas and old traditions.

As in all plans, however, there are some disadvantages. Of these, there seem to be but three that deserve serious consideration:—

The first is that the establishment of a junior high school will make it necessary for the pupils to travel greater distances to school. This is of course a local argument and has greater force in some communities than in others. Conditions in Waltham make it unnecessary to consider seriously this problem. The large building which will be started this year on the site of the present North Grammar will be strictly a junior high school. Thus, pupils who would attend the North Grammar in grades seven and eight will go to the same place under the junior high plan. The South Grammar could also be converted into a junior high school if its primary buildings were enlarged, so as to retain the pupils up to and including the sixth grade. The adoption of the junior high school plan would relieve the High School by taking over the first year students, and it may prove the most feasible way of making the present High School building serve out its term of usefulness.

The second objection raised against the junior high school is that under this plan there is too early and too marked a differentiation in the work of the pupils. For the issue of this question, however, we can only wait, for the schools have not been in operation long enough for us to reach any definite conclusions.

The third objection is that the reorganization of the school system and the establishment of the junior high would mean increased cost to the tax-payer. Several schools have claimed a decreased cost, because under this plan there is a great falling off in the number of repeating pupils. On the whole, however, testimony seems to show that the junior high schools do cost a little more but that they are well worth it.

But when education is the one sure method of combating Bolshevism, and is the only support which keeps the human race from falling back to the ways of our cave men ancestors, why consider a slight increase in cost? The country as a whole spent more for war purposes in a week than is spent on education in a year. Thus, as the junior high school, in its wider scope, will solve many of the problems of reconstruction; let us give it our fullest support and prove that modern maxim, "Give the children half a chance and the whole world will stand amazed at the result."

VALEDICTORY

Alfred Cecil Smart.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

As we come to these exercises tonight, the last public affair of our high school course, we have the distinction of being the first war class to graduate. It was during our last year at the grammar school that the declaration of war between the European powers electrified the whole world. The turmoil went on during our high school course until finally Uncle Sam entered the struggle. Then, things began to change all around us and assumed a military aspect. Training camps were established in every section of the country and boys were marching away daily, some even from our own high school. With great anxiety we lived through the dark days until the tide gradually turned. The Germans were conquered! And now as we are graduating, peace is about to be declared.

Everything has been upset by the recent conflict and is now in the process of reconstruction. Belgium and northern France have been hopelessly shattered. This devastated area includes many mines, mercantile centers, and much of the best agricultural land. Homes, factories and industries must be rebuilt and developed. Every day cripples are coming back from the field who must be refitted and re-educated for further employment of some sort. Most of the large factories have been turning out war material for the last four years and have been going full blast, night and day to help rush through the production of the war necessities. Women and young girls have been employed in the places of men gone to the front. All these establishments must now be adjusted to the normal basis and return to the manufacture of their peace-time products.

This reconstruction work is a difficult operation and requires some of the spirit shown by the nations during the war. When the safety of the world was menaced by the ambitions of the European War Lord, the nations affected directly and indirectly, laid aside their petty jealousies and quarrels, united and fought side by side, in the firm belief that right would ultimately conquer wrong. They realized that each one alone could not cope with the situation and that it was useless to try. People did likewise. Selfishness was put aside and everybody devoted his energies to winning the war. Relief organizations sprang up everywhere and the work was pushed along with amazing speed. There was a stronger feeling of self-sacrifice than the world had ever before known. In fact, self-sacrifice seemed to be the by-word of almost every household. Every drive for Liberty Loans, for the Red Cross, for the Salvation Army was liberally oversubscribed. War-time restrictions were accepted as a matter of course. Jealousy vanished even from national politics. The people knew that the better a government they had to direct their affairs, the sooner the war would be won and over. This unselfish spirit was one of the main factors in winning the war.

Now that the carnage is over and the common danger has been removed, the world seems to be falling back into its former state. Wrangles have again started up between the nations as is evidenced at the Peace Table. Numerous difficulties in the making of the peace terms must inevitably be encountered, but what is unnecessary is the renewing of the troubles interrupted by the war.

The Chinese and Japanese situation is an illustration of this condition. These two countries were disputing over Korea for a number of years; then co-operated during the war; and at present are quarreling again. Now is a good time to settle such controversies while all the leading statesmen of the world are sitting together in congress.

In olden times when Greece was threatened with a Persian invasion, Athens and Sparta and the other large cities united to prepare for the defense of their country. They successfully drove back the foreign invaders three times, but when they were no longer in danger of the Persians, they fell to squabbling among themselves again for the supremacy of Greece. They weakened themselves so much that when Macedonia invaded their territory, they were unable to put up a stiff resistance and were conquered. This instance is being repeated today. There is no danger of our being conquer-

ed by a foreign power, still the lesson is there to be learned just the same. The people and the politicians have aroused their jealousies again. They saw the value of co-operation during times of stress; they seem unable to stay united during times of peace.

If this condition of affairs continues, peace will be delayed until the damage and suffering caused by Germany will be somewhat forgotten. This will enable her to sue for easy terms. It has often been said that one of America's faults is that she forgets too easily. Germany thinks that America will soon forget about the war and will start international trade with her again. America must not overlook the havoc wrought by the Germans. She must hold them strictly responsible for it. Germany must be set up as an example to other nations, thereby helping to abolish warfare for all time.

This inability of the nations to agree will delay not only peace, but also the reconstruction. In order that this task of reorganization be accomplished, it is necessary that there be no lets or hindrances in the labors of rebuilding. The opportunity is here for everybody to lend a helping hand. Seize it and prove that we can be soldiers of peace as well as soldiers of war. Several dominant traits of American manhood have been brought out during the last few years. Let us make them stand out still more. "Carry on" the war spirit—the determination to see the thing through. "Carpe Diem"—Seize the Opportunity—is our class motto. It is a good one for every person to follow. In later years the results of our efforts will plainly show whether America can avail herself of an opportunity when it presents itself.

And so—as I say farewell—I say also to you all "Carpe Diem."

CLASS OFFICERS

SENIOR 1919

HERBERT STARR, *President*

HELEN SMITH, *Vice-Pres.* FRANCIS DUNN, *Sec. and Treas.*

FRANK GAVOLIA, *Auditor*

JUNIOR 1920

WALDO MILLER, *President*

MARGARET KELTY, *Vice-Pres.* JAMES SMITH, *Sec. and Treas.*

EDWARD BARNICLE, *Auditor*

SOPHOMORE 1921

CURTIS FRENCH, *President*

PATRICIA COLLIGAN, *Vice-Pres.* CORA CHASE, *Sec. and Treas.*

RUSSELL WEN TWORTH, *Auditor*

ALFRED CECIL SMART
VALEDICTORIAN

BERTRAM EUGENE WARREN
SALUTATORIAN

HANNAH WEBSTER
HISTORIAN

ERIC AXEL LINDBERG
PROPHET

CLASS PROPHECY

Eric Axel Lindberg

One dark foggy morning in the year of 1926, while I was crossing upper Main street, a huge banana-laden truck, driven by Frank Gavolio, knocked me down with terrific force. After the first shock of pain had passed away, I felt a sensation that was by no means unpleasant. A thrill, joyous beyond description, raced through my veins, and as all earthly objects faded away, I sank into a sleep more restful than that of a child in its mother's arms.

When I came out of this trance, I found myself in a deep, dark cavern near the summit of Prospect Hill. Upon feeling of my face, I discovered that my beard was as long as Mr. Ward's English assignments. In addition to this, a horrible craving for food and water almost drove me mad.

While praying on my knees for a blueberry or a blackberry with which to satisfy my hunger, I was suddenly startled by the appearance of a richly dressed woman, accompanied by two attendants.

"Oh, Lord!" I cried, upon recognizing the lady, "My prayer was for a blueberry, not an Alice Berry."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Alice, turning to her maids, who were Lavina Rayner and Teresa Ridlon, "Let's hurry away from this madman."

Not being discouraged by the ill success of my first appeal, I now began a long prayer for water, in which I asked for no more than one wee swallow. Just then a small middle aged man, followed by a butler, dressed in fine livery, passed by.

"Oh, Lord!" I ejaculated again in anguish, "I wished for a swallow of water, not a Herbert Swallow."

Before I had finished saying these words, "Babe" was on his way to the city, actually believing himself pursued by a lunatic. The butler, who was none other than Dana Whiting, became so absent-minded, that he repeated that tremendously long speech of eighteen words, which he had so eloquently thundered forth while taking the part of a servant in "Charley's Aunt."

After Dana also had disappeared, I remembered the old proverb, "Providence helps those who help themselves," which used to aid so many of the less brilliant students to pass in their exams. Inspired by this maxim, I descended the hill to Annabel Grigg's farm, where I hoped to obtain both food and drink. Not daring to appear before ladies in my present ragged condition, I was just about to resort to the use of a barrel, which had on it the label of the great Isaacson and Winterhalter Flour Mills, when, in a nearby field I perceived Henry Atwood and Earl Baker.

Upon noticing my scarcity of clothes, these two indolent men offered to give me some of their thrown off garments if I would do a certain amount of work. After completing the task assigned to me, I received a short broad coat from Earl and a pair of very long trousers from Henry. Thus attired I believed myself to be almost as laugh-provoking as Frank Gavolio at the Senior Character Party.

From Henry I now learned that the present year was 1936. This news lead me to believe that I had been put to sleep for ten years by Gavolio's banana truck. Where I had been and what I had been doing during these years was beyond the scope of my imagination.

At Annabel's house I received from Emily Alcock, the cook, as much food as I needed. She also informed me that the members of the "Ladies' Afternoon Tea Club" were in the house planning an entertainment which was to be given that evening in one of the down town theatres.

While I was leaving Emily the "Tea Club" members began to file out of the front door and enter their automobiles. Among them I perceived Elizabeth Emery, Marguerite Watts and Ethel Furbush.

Shaking my head sadly, I took a short cut for the city across a nearby farm. The snoring of a seedy countryman, who lay sleeping next to a stonewall, now attracted by attention. His honest open face reminded me greatly of John Burke. In another section of the same farm, I stopped to watch "Hub" Starr start a pair of balky horses. This he did with great ease for Herbert always could start things go-

ing. He even started that little excursion into the Orpheum in a fine manner; but alas, it ended disastrously. His better half, formerly Helen Smith, stood in the kitchen as I passed by, preparing dinner. From the number of cooking utensils upon the stove, I came to the conclusion that Starr could handle a fork at the table as well as a hay fork in the fields.

My love for animals now prompted me to step inside the dairy and see the cows. Here I found Mary Wellman and Rosamond Jacobs, who were milk-maids. Upon noticing a well-built sweet little calf, I asked what her name was.

"Her name's Anna," answered Mary.

"Well, Anna," I said, "you are almost pretty enough to kiss."

"How dare you!" cried a woman of whose presence behind the calf I had not been aware, "If you say that again, I'll handle you rough or my name's not Anna Beaman."

This meant exit for me and so I went in the general direction of the nearest highway. Before going far, I overtook a "knight of the road," who was in a worse condition than myself. The poor "gentleman of leisure" was none other than Frank Hitchcock. As Frank and I were in the same plight, we agreed to join forces for the rest of the day.

After reaching the nearest highway, we tried to stop Cecil Smart, who was driving by in a rickety old bakery wagon, but Cecil, fearing a wholesale raid, kept right on going.

Just then we heard the wild tooting of a horn which sounded almost as bad as the noise the High School buglers used to make. Soon a huge fire truck tore around a distant bend like a crowd of hungry scholars on their way to the lunch room at recess. Sitting in the driver's seat, with one hand on the wheel, was Percy Harrel, while George Powers and Ralph Talbot, with their legs darting skyward each time the truck hit an uneven spot, were hanging on to the rear with death-like grips. Here these fellows were making records for punctuality in reaching fires; but when they attended school, they never came on time to anything but class socials.

The next place of interest to attract my attention was a large building which stood on the side of a hill. Frank told me this was the "Old Maids' Home," and that it was inhabited by all the unfortunate women who did not succeed in catching husbands. As both Hitchcock and I were curious, we entered the place to look it over. The first person we came across was a disappointed looking woman, named Aleva Libby. On reaching the rear of the building, where several of the unfortunates were playing tennis, I perceived a dainty little woman who once had a vast number of admirers. When she attended High School they even used to come after her in automobiles. As the tears streamed down my face, I heard Frank sigh as if his heart would break, "Poor Norma Steele." Among the other ladies present, I also saw Vivian Morse, Ruth Mott, and Beatrice Chapin.

"Say, Frank!" I exclaimed, "I know just the man for these women to get after."

"Who's that?" questioned Hitchcock.

"Why, who else," I replied, "but Mr. Arthur Burke of Room 22."

Just then Dwinell, the gardener, approached. It did not surprise me to find Clarence here, for Dwinell used to flutter about women like a moth around an arc light.

"Leave immediately, or I'll sick Jerry, the dog, on you," he thundered in that deep bass voice which used to sound so stately and commanding when he gave the order to march, during military drill, by yelling, "Hash!"

Believing he would do as he threatened, Frank and I left the place much quicker than we came in. About a mile farther on, we walked into a Scotch Picnic. Here we found Alexander Stewart, Marion Mackenzie, and Anna Stewart. Alexander was blowing a bagpipe, which sounded like the screeches which used to come from Harry Kniznick whenever he sat on a row of thumbtacks. The event was made more entertaining by "Eddie" Larkin, the great woman impersonator.

It was now that one of the most shameful incidents of my life occurred. Two policewomen, Jeannette Haldy and Marjorie Stone, drove up in a patrol wagon and arrested me.

"Is this the man?" Jeannette asked of Swallow, who had approached unseen behind her.

"Yes," faltered "Babe," "he chased me all the way to the city."

"Well, he does look dangerous," was Marjorie's comment, as she and Jeannette threw me into the wagon.

When my journey was over, I found myself within the walls of the State School for Feeble Minded, in Waverley.

Chauncey Perry, who had charge of the institution, after examining me, said: "This man might be a trifle foolish but as far as I can see

he's not mad. If you want to see a real insane person step into the next room. We entered the room and here we found Myron Allen, who also was watching the lunatic. Myron told me that he was a teacher of geometry; I did not doubt his statement, for he showed great promise in this subject even while in High School.

After Jeannette and Marjorie had seen the difference between a real insane person and myself, they still acted stubbornly and took me with them to the court house. Upon reaching the jail, which had been of little use after July 1, 1919, I found Captain Clifford Estes in charge. He was lenient with me and let me off easy. As I left the place I passed three more policewomen who were Viola Garfield, Merle Heinstrom and Frances Marshall.

I now confidently expected my troubles to be over, but I was still to receive a greater shock. Upon entering Main street, I saw a new City Hall. I later learned that it was designed by Bertram Warren and built by the Emery Construction Company.

My attention was soon attracted by a large crowd which had gathered on the common around a high platform, upon which stood a very small man. Before long the mob began to cry, "Burn 'im, burn 'im, burn 'im."

"Oh!" I cried, "Do they really intend to burn him?"

"No, no," laughed a lady, whom I recognized as Evelyn Pineo, owner of a nearby candy store, "these folks are just giving three cheers for 'Eddie' Burnham, the new city manager."

My joy upon hearing this good news was soon changed to horror, for Dorothy Greeley and Ethel Spencer now sang a duet while Willis Bean's orchestra played the accompaniment, in honor of the occasion. The noise which they produced sounded a great deal like the technical division during a study period.

As I was in great need of money, I dropped into a bank where ten years before I had an account. The president of this institution was Frank Gavolio, who had made his fortune in the banana business, while Edward Curry, his right hand man, was cashier. Genevieve Bucher and Elsie Copeland were also employed here.

Immediately after obtaining some money, I ran into a dry-goods store, where I was waited on by Ralph Dougherty, the manager, personally. He had some trouble in finding a suit that would suit, and almost went into a fit trying to get a hat to fit, but after half an hour of hard work he finally found what I wanted. Upon leaving Ralph, I felt as strange and foolish in my new clothes as Alexander Stewart when he wore a derby hat to school for the first time.

Marjorie Warren's shoe store was the next place to receive my patronage and here I found the salesman to be Harry Kniznick. He sold me a pair of shoes which I knew were poor stock, but Harry, who could talk even when he had nothing to say, caused me to take what he gave me in order to escape suffocaiton.

Before leaving the store, I conversed with Archer Rogers, who was a special policeman, and his wife, formerly Louise Wolfe. They informed me that William Morgan and Ira Orr were collectors for the city. At first I thought Ira and Hearn collected money, but I later learned that it was ashes.

After taking leave of Archer and his pretty wife, I breezed into Donald Drury's barber shop. Among the women barbers employed by him were Dorothy Bills, Bertha Carney, and Thelma Fornes. His wife, once known as Esther Thompson, sat in the rear of the shop at a manicuring table. From the sharp words that passed between the pair, I came to the conclusion that, though Donald owned the place, he was far from being boss. He later told me that married life was not what it was cracked up to be.

Just as Dorothy finished combing my hair (which was easily done as I was rather bald) Bertha cut the man in her chair.

"Oh!" cried the victim, "you've killed me. I'm done! I'm done!"

"Why, so you are," I exclaimed, recognizing Francis Dunn, "You're Dunn, but I'm glad to tell you that you're not finished."

"Let's leave this place while alive," moaned Francis. To this I readily agreed.

As Dunn's cut was rather deep, we set out for the nearest doctor. While passing down Moody street, we came upon a long line of men standing in front of an office building. Some were old and some were young, but they all seemed anxious to get somewhere. We could not understand this until we read the sign over the door into which the line vanished. It read:

Jessie Reed, Piano Teacher.

Of course that explained everything, for Jes-

HERBERT WEST STARR
PRESIDENT

SARAH HELEN SMITH
VICE-PRESIDENT

FRANCIS WILLIAM DUNN
SECRETARY-TREASURER

sie somehow always did attract the men folk, especially "Eddie" Larkin.

We soon entered the office of Doctor Manzer, but when Dunn saw the carpenter's tools which Cliff intended to employ on him, even the pretty face of Isabel Fulton, Cliff's assistant, could not keep him from departing to regions unknown.

As I had no reason to fear for my life, I remained and asked Manzer if he knew what had become of Edith Olson.

"Why, yes," was the answer, "she's working in a factory in Boston making eyes in needles."

"Well, well," I said, "she ought to be able to do that as she made enough eyes at the fellows in school to furnish a million needles."

After leaving Cliff, I made a bee line for the nearest lunch room where I was waited on by Hannah Richardson, formerly Hannah Webster. She was assisted by Edith Bamforth, Helen Burroughs, and Vivian Clarke. When I asked Hannah how she like to wait on other people, she told me it was not half as bad as waiting on Lester.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I had to wait on him five years before he made up his mind to propose."

Richardson soon began to converse with me and so I asked him if he knew what had become of Ernest Grip.

"Sure," was the answer, "he owns a thumbtack factory down in Bemis and Ernest certainly knows the fine points about thumbtacks."

"Well, why shouldn't he?" I grunted; "He sat on enough in school."

A newsboy now came in, so I purchased a paper, the editor of which was Walter Anderson. On the editorial page, I discovered several cartoons drawn by Doris Dennen. Other writers for the paper were Thyra Dahl, Mary Davis and Jessie Downing.

Campbell Kennedy, who was a salesman for a soup company, at this moment arose from his table and asked me if I knew that Clarence Evans and Vivian Hill were married.

"Why, no," I said.

"Well, they are," continued the other, "but they've quarreled already."

"Hump!" I exclaimed, "that reminds me of the old saying, 'Where there's honey there's bees,' and so any couple thinking of going on a honeymoon trip should be careful or they are liable to get stung."

Upon remembering that the "Ladies' Afternoon Tea Club" were to give an entertainment that evening, I immediately set off for the theatre in which it was to be held. On my way I came across Samuel Dubinsky, a prominent merchant, who was going to the same place. From him I learned that Rebecca Wolk, Marion Fernald, and Ellen Ryan were school teachers, and also that Martha Ludden, Lena Sheer, and Mary Ryan worked in the Watch Factory.

At the entrance to the theatre, we purchased our tickets from Edith Bullock. As we came inside, Ingeborg Fredrickson, the pianist, was playing the "Awakening of Spring," but before she had finished awakening the spring, we were fast asleep. We did not wake up until Marjorie Bacon sang "Sleep Baby Sleep."

The Hodgkins sisters now performed an egg dance, but if the eggs were as bad as the dance they must have been ten years old. In the next act, which was called "The Three Flowers," I perceived Violette Huguenin, Rose Mendelsohn, and Daisy Dahl. I'm sorry to say it, but the truth is that these three flowers were artificially colored. The last on the program was Beatrice Willey, a reader.

John Kimball, who sat in front of me turned around as soon as the curtain went down and shook hands with me. As my hand touched his the theatre began to fade from view. For an instant everything was dark, and then, when I came to, I found myself in a hospital, with Doctor John Albion Cottle Kimball holding on to my wrist. Around my bed stood three nurses, who were Alice Sawin, Julia Sherman and Edith Zimmer.

"Well, my man," said John, "that banana truck came near finishing you. During the last nine hours you must have dreamt about some terrible monsters, for I never saw a man kick and make faces the way you did."

He now gave me something to drink and in a few moments I was once more in dreamland.—Amen.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

HANNAH ELIZABETH WEBSTER

Four years ago saw the beginning of two momentous events—the great war was one; the class of 1919 was the other. Now both are almost at an end. The peace terms will soon be signed and in a few weeks our class will be graduated and demobilized.

On a hot, cloudy morning in early September, almost four years ago, two hundred timid and somewhat nervous young children gathered on the steps of the old high school that had seen so many entering classes embark on their high school careers. The class of 1919 began its career more abruptly than former classes, since there was no real graduation for us at Asbury Temple, such as other classes before us had always had, to help them to realize that they were at last through with grammar school and childish things. When the bell rang imperatively through the corridors we little children followed our elders to the assembly hall where the fortunate ones sank gratefully into seats and oblivion, while those who could not find seats stood, painfully conspicuous, along the sides of the hall. In due course of time the children were assigned to divisions and home-rooms, and at once proceeded to get acquainted with fellow freshmen and with the teachers. Some, indeed, became acquainted with their teachers even more rapidly than with their classmates, since they had to spend extra time with the teachers after school. The football games, with the freshmen cheering in true freshmen style and vigor, and the secret admiration of the popular football captain and his equally popular team, are the clearest recollections of the freshman year. Who has forgotten the post-season game with Everett at Fenway Park, when we were so proud of our team that there was no sting in our 6-0 defeat? There were no freshman socials to brighten our gloomy days of study, but on the other hand, there were no class officials to harangue us for our possible lack of class spirit. In the spring the school turned out to Mr. Boyd's vaudeville given in behalf of "The Mirror." All the boys particularly admired the remarkable female Caruso imported for the occasion, but after her last solo, Mamselle Caruso took off her wig, and lo, she was a boy! Not long after this June came, and without visible regret the freshmen left their freshmanship forever—if the teachers were sufficiently kind.

Our sophomore year began during an epidemic of infantile paralysis, and Room 16 was turned into a sort of quarantine where many a pupil spent a pleasant morning doing nothing but wait for the doctor to come and assure him that no germs lurked unawares.

This year football was not as successful as usual. Many of our "stars" had gone out of our horizon entirely, and Mr. Dame had forsaken us the preceding spring, and departed to Lynn. In spite of the best efforts of Mr. Fradd, who proved to be the most popular member of the school while he was with us, we lost nearly as many games as we won. There was no mention of a post-season game, and we were almost convinced that our football career had reached the lamentable point where unfeeling people would speak of us as "has-beens."

This year our class was formally organized, with the capable assistance of Mr. Burke. To establish a reputation for originality, and because a little of freshman childishness still remained, the class broke all precedent and elected a boy for vice-president instead of the customary girl. Herbert Starr was made our president and proved a wise choice. We were permitted one social this year, and the night our committee chose for the event was quite the stormiest one of the winter. Poor Miss Hall courageously started for the school, only to be disappointed, for her car was stalled in the snow, and after waiting half-an-hour for it to start again, she gave up and went home. Many others were equally disappointed, but once at the school, the weather was forgotten. According to custom, the boys sat bashfully and firmly on one side of the hall while the girls sat hopefully and encouragingly on the other. But after the grand march and a stirring game of black and white the two sides became quite thoroughly mixed. At ten o'clock we were shooed out into the cold, cruel storm toward home.

With the coming of spring came the en-

trance of our country into the war. No one had doubted that this time must come eventually and most of us were glad that at last we could put aside poor excuses and be proud again of our nationality. Several of the boys in our class immediately went into the naval reserve, and others signed up for farm work. The Memorial Day exercises this year were the most impressive and solemn in our memory, for with the Grand Army veterans were our own boys in the uniforms of the army and navy. Moreover, the first Waltham High boy to lose his life in the war, Earle Whittemore, one of our classmates, had died the day before at Commonwealth Pier. Grim war became more of a reality to us than ever before, and we realized, perhaps for the first time, that it meant more than just waving flags and wearing becoming uniforms.

About this time Miss Hall made cheery beginnings for the day by bringing flowers to school. One day she brought yellow roses which she distributed with great partiality to those who claimed an uncorruptible faith in woman suffrage. Another day we girls were given daisies, with orders to decorate each boy's buttonhole as he came through the door. Strange how popular some of those boys proved to be. Some were almost fought over, and some haughtily declined the flowers on the ground that they contained numerous black bugs. Sometime before, each of the inmates of Room 17 had brought ten cents, and now we joyfully watched the pretty pansies grow, and weeded them industriously—whether they needed it or not.

Soon it was June again, and to our surprise we found that we had survived the strain of upholding sophomore traditions and at last were Juniors.

Early in the fall our class held its first meeting of the year and re-elected its president of the preceding year, but decided to conform to custom and elect a girl, Helen Smith, as vice-president. Football went from bad to worse this year. Mr. Fradd was coaching at Brookline, but after a season of crushing defeats, the team pulled itself together for the annual game with Newton and played so hard and so like a Waltham team of old that Newton was stunned, and recovered only enough to win by one touchdown and a goal, in the last few minutes of play, instead of piling up the one-sided score that they had planned.

The year of 1917 was a busy one for the school. Besides the regular work, a Junior Red Cross was organized, and knitting-needles, which turned out splendid socks and sweaters were plied as industriously as the pens which turned out themes for Mr. Ward. The boys responded with true Americanism to the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross drives. One day many high school girls appeared in Red Cross caps and sold tags on windy street corners until they had filled their cardboard boxes and contracted severe colds. Other girls made countless surgical dressings. The Senior Class suggested a school service flag, and the committee found the other three classes of the school as pleased with the idea as if they had thought of it themselves, and as glad to help. The result is a service flag of which we can be justly proud. A few of the older pupils turned four-minute speakers and did credit to their training in Junior declamation.

Mr. Boyd's annual entertainment took the form of a "Smileage Carnival," at Nutting's. Every one lived up to the name, and the proceeds bought Smileage books for Waltham boys who were at Camp Devens.

The next important event that broke the monotony of knitting and studying was the Junior Prom. The Senior girls, after a protracted and very warm discussion, had decided to wear middy blouses at graduation. The Junior girls, not to be outdone, urged "plain simple dresses" for the prom. For some reason, instead of our vice-president, our worthy president himself conducted the meeting in which this decision was reached, and was quite bewildered with the intricacies of feminine dress The prom was very successful, and the Juniors were duly thankful.

Early in June the War Chest was erected on the Common and one day, on the stroke of twelve, all the school children in the city marched past the chest and dropped in a coin. It was an unusual sight to see so many, many pupils, from wee kindergartners to tall and lanky seniors, assembled. To an onlooker it must have recalled the story of the Pied Piper of Hamlin. This was in the days before drill in the High School, and several boys who acted as marshals showed unsuspected military abilities.

The Prom. was the last social event of the year and soon the last week of school had arrived. All the High School remembers the farewell fling of certain nameless members of last year's graduating class. Three of the larg-

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Dana Whiting, Henry Atwood, Francis Dunn, Edward Larkin, Vivian Hill, Herbert Starr, Isabel Fulton, Clifford Estes, Ethel Spencer, Jessie Reed, Ernest Grip.

est boys reverted to former days and appeared in Buster Brown collars and flowing ties. The two biggest wheeled the third member of the trio down Moody street to the school, in a baby's perambulator. How sweetly innocent and infantile the youngest of the trio seemed, with his bouquet of flowers for teacher, and his little sailor hat! Then Roland Lenaerts drove his wonderful jitney to school for the last time, and we put away our books for the summer.

Vacation went only too swiftly, and we met on the steps of the High School last September with the dignity of staid and serious seniors. With the ease of fixed habit we settled down to our last year of High School with no loss of time, determined to make the most of what remained of our school life. Our president and vice-president were re-elected and the other officers chosen in true parliamentary fashion. The class games furnished the only football for us this year, but for the first time in its history, 1919's team won the championship of the school. Maybe it was the waving feather in Mr. Lindberg's hat that changed our luck! Military drill took the place of gym work this year and under the guidance of Mr. Goodrich the boys were initiated into the mysteries of corporals and top-sergeants, squads and companies, setting up drill and signaling, commonly and aptly called wig-wagging. The drill is a very good thing, in its way, but it is to be hoped that next year Waltham will have a football team that will not rival an onion as a tear producer, when it really should be a reason and an excuse for cheers and unmusical school songs.

November 11 was the most remarkable day of our whole school career. For once, calm, composed, conservative Waltham was fairly wild with joy. No Fourth of July was ever like Armistice Day. Informal parades roamed the streets from early morning till late evening, with all kinds of noise-producing instruments, from the dishpan borrowed by little son without mother's permission to the musical claxon of the big automobile. Boys started to school and ended by joining someone's parade; while the faithful few who actually went to school were amply rewarded by being dismissed almost at once. In the evening the whole town united in a single tremendous line of march, and the High School was one of the units. It was a day of proud rejoicing after a year and a half of fearful war.

The Senior Dance, just after the Armistice, was a brilliant affair and for the first time in nearly two years the High School girls appeared in fine feathers and glad raiment. Much of the success of our socials has depended on our hard working committees and we appreciate our good fortune in having such efficient chairmen.

On the day of our return from the Christmas vacation, the whole class was shocked and grieved to learn that one classmate would never return with us again. Elsie Frye, probably one of the most talented girls of the school, loved and respected by teachers and scholars alike, had gone on. Editor of the "Mirror," she had just completed the first issue, the only one which came out under her direction. Not until she had gone did we realize what it meant to see empty the place of one who rarely was absent from school even for a day. It was for ourselves, and not for her, that we grieved, for we knew that she had gone with no fear in her heart.

In February Mr. Boyd gave his annual entertainment, this year a home-coming reception to the boys of Waltham High who have returned from the Great Adventure. The one act play, given by Miss Caldwell and Mr. Dwinell, was a horrible and discouraging warning of the possible Hooverism in store for us in the future.

A short time ago the Senior class held a social, a character party. By some unknown process, even the boys were persuaded to "dress up" this time, and the social was a credit to the class. Only one lamentable accident marred the evening, Mr. Burke appeared with bandaged throat and hands the next Monday, because the flash-light powder, with which he was about to take a picture of the party, had exploded.

The Senior Play Committee had decided on "Charlie's Aunt" as 1919's contribution to Waltham High's reputation for really good plays. The cast was chosen and splendidly coached by Miss Tibbets. Mr. Larkin appeared in a totally new but captivating role. He was Charlie's aunt from Brazil, "where the nuts come from, you know"—until the real aunt appeared. A better cast couldn't have been found, and the play did justice to the coach, to the class and to the school.

Now we have nearly reached the last of our schooldays. We have only a few more lessons in Virgil and only a few more halting

French recitations to stumble through. Perhaps we are not as glad as we expected to be, in spite of unkind questions in English examination, and baffling geometry problems that are so absurdly simple when the other fellow does them. And how we will miss our classmates when 1919 is at last demobilized!

But though our schooldays are over, there is still work for us to do. It is for us to "carry on" the work our boys have given their lives for in France. We must be the best kind of Americans that we can be, and find our particular duty to the world, and then do it to the best of our ability, for the sake of our brothers who rest among the poppies of Flanders.

"To us from failing hands they throw
The torch; be ours to hold it high.
If we break faith with those who die
They will not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

CLASS OF 1919

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Anna Gilchrist Beaman†
Dorothy Jeanette Bills†
Elizabeth Emery†
Ethel Janet Furbush
Isabel Carolyn Fulton†
Florence Vivian Hill
Aleva Laura Libby†
Martha Raymond Ludden†
Marjorie Elizabeth Warren†
Marguerite Marion Watts*
Hannah Elizabeth Webster†
Louise G. Wolfe*
Rebecca Wolk*
Earl Carter Baker†
Percy Duke Harrell†
William Hearne Morgan†
James Ira Orr†

TECHNICAL COURSE

Myron Sheppard Allen†
Henry Jones Atwood†
John Joseph Burke
Edward Chester Burnham†
John Edward Curry
Ralph S. Dougherty†
Samuel Dubinsky†
Francis William Dunn†
Richard Yale Emery†
Clarence Edwin Evans†
Frank Joseph Gavolio*
Ernest James Grip†
John Campbell Kennedy†
Clifford M. Manzer
Chauncy V. Perry*
Lester Thornley Richardson
Alfred Cecil Smart*
Herbert West Starr†
Alexander Cameron Stewart†
Herbert Almon Swallow†
Bertram Eugene Warren*
Dana Whiting*
Philip Ernest Winterhalter†

GENERAL COURSE

Emily Anstruther Alcock
Marjorie Goodrich Bacon*
Edith Louise Bamforth
Alice May Berry†
Genevieve Elizabeth Bucher*
Edith Alberta Bullock†
Helen Ida Burroughs†
Bertha Selina Carney†
Beatrice Brigham Chapin†
Grace Vivian Clarke
Elsie Maude Copeland†
Daisy Margaret Dahl
Thyra Dahl
Mary Pamelia Davis
Doris Harriet Dennen†
Jessie Mae Downing
Marion Elizabeth Fernald
Thelma Hazel Fornes*
Ingeborg Ellen V. Fredrickson*
Viola Maud Garfield*
Dorothy Marie Greeley†
Annabel Mayfred Griggs†
Jeannette Isaline Haldy*
Merle Harriet Heinstrom
Lillian Archibald Hodgkins
Reta Lucille Hodgkins
Violette Anna Huguenin†
Rosamond Hope Jacobs
Marion Olive Mackenzie†
Emma Frances Marshall*
Rose Libby Mendelsohn†
Vivian Morse
Ruth Elizabeth Mott†
Edith Florence Olson†
Lavina Campbell Rayner†
Jessie Alice Reed†
Teresa Linda Ridlon*
Ellen Maria Ryan
Mary Alma Ryan*
Lena Sheer†
Julia Bertha Sherman†
Sarah Helen Smith†
Ethel Louise Spencer*
Norma Marion Steele
Anna Stewart
Marjorie Stone†
Esther Louise Thompson*
Mary Holland Wellman†
Beatrice Young Willey†
Edith Melissa Zinmer
Walter Adolf E. Anderson
Donald Alfred Drury†
Clarence Kimball Dwinell
Clifford William Estes
Frank Lewis Hitchcock
Walter Theodore Isaacson†
John Albion Cottle Kimball
Harry Harold Kniznik
Harold Kniznik
Eric Axel Lindberg†
George Watson Powers†
Ralph Sweetser Talbot†

*Honorable Record.
†Creditable Record.

Clark College

WORCESTER, MASS.

Edmund C. Sanford, President

Announces specialized programs leading to training for the essential professions in Reconstruction—Diplomacy, Engineering, Liberal Professions, Pedagogy, all combined with the cultural advantages of an academic college. For information address

THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY,
Worcester, Mass.

Characteristic Tailoring

We are just the Tailor for you. Our Reputation is unquestionable. Mothers and fathers will tell you that; it is up to you to investigate Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailoring, Cleaning, Pressing and Remodeling on Time. Just Call 1151-M Waltham.

TWO BROTHERS, Tailors,

S. G. NERSESIAN, Mgr.
653 Main St., Opposite Common,
Waltham, Mass.

The New York Bottling Co.

A. W. FISHER, Proprietor

Manufacturer and Bottler of

G. B. MOORE'S TONICS

Woerd Ave. Tel. 1450

D. MacDONALD

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING

131 MOODY ST., WALTHAM, MASS.

REED'S

REGISTERED DRUG STORE
665 Main Street.

"THE HOME-TOWN STORE"

IS RELIABLE

The Best is the Cheapest

This applies to COAL just the same as to all kinds of merchandise. We handle only the best grades.

Waltham Coal Company

Est. 1872

Clean Coal — Prompt Delivery

Careful Teamsters. — Telephone 116

Tel. 566 Tel. 575W

FREEDOM WENTWORTH

"Complete Housefurnishers"

698 Main Street, Waltham.

ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN

Lion Brand Soft Collars

Are Here in Pique, Silks, Linons and Crepe.

Every Collar Warranted.

25c and 35c

P. P. ADAMS,

BIG DEPT. STORE,

133-139 Moody St.

Established 1888. Telephone 112

SILMAN, FLORIST

FLOWERS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

PLANTS AND HOUSE DECORATIONS

194 Moody Street, Waltham, Mass.

Gideon K. McMillan

WATCHMAKER.

HIGH GRADE

WATCHES AND CLOCKS

Properly and Promptly Repaired

Bank Building, 637 Main St., Room 12, Waltham, Mass.

Telephone 584-M.

Tel. 626-M.

Tuning Orders Promptly Attended To.

K. M. CAHOON CO.

EDISON DIAMOND DISC PHONOGRAPHS and RECORDS

High Grade Pianos, Victrolas and Records

231 Moody St., Waltham, Mass.

Willys Knight Overland

FRANK A. BYAM

Telephone: Waltham 1795-W

868 Main St., Waltham, Mass.

YOUNG MEN'S WAIST SEAM SUITS in BLUE SERGE and FLANNEL

VERY SPECIAL VALUES

$30.00 and $32.50

That You Can't Equal Elsewhere.

CLIFFORD S. COBB CO.

WALTHAM, MASS.

KATHERINE E. PATRICK

Stationery, Toys,

High Grade Engraving

659 Main St., Waltham, Mass.

DISTINCT QUALITY

FURNITURE

At Reasonable Prices

HENRY W. BERRY CO.

Complete Home Furnishers

Branch 96-98 Moody St., Waltham.

CASH OR CREDIT

Sole Agent in Waltham for the Columbia Grafonolas and Records

DAVIS & FARNUM MANUFACTURING CO.

WALTHAM, MASS.

Manufacturers of

Cast Iron Pipe

For Water, Gas, Sewage, Drains, Culverts, etc.

Flange Pipe Specials
Heavy Castings

Semi-Steel Castings

Power House Pipings and Special Fittings

Machinery for Coal and Water Gas Works

Gas Holders and Steel Tanks for All Purposes

SMART'S FIRST CLASS BAKERY

Established 1891

587 MAIN ST., WALTHAM

Our motto always was, is now and always will be

QUALITY

Which applies also to our special lines of

LIGHT GROCERIES
CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

All orders promptly attended to

Compliments of

John R. Hudson

Waltham National Bank

United States, State, County and City Depositary

Safe Deposit Boxes Savings Department

Interest Paid on Deposits

COMPLIMENTS OF

J. TOTTEN & SONS

ICE DEALERS

WALTHAM SAVINGS BANK

ASSETS APRIL, 1919

$6,138,551.86

Nathan Warren, Vice President

George R. Beal, Treasurer

Wm. B. Comstock, Vice Treasurer

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Established 1824 TROY, N. Y.

ENGINEERING and SCIENCE

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Graduate and Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

COMPLIMENTS OF

William J. Bannan

COMPLIMENTS OF

John L. Harvey

Monthly Deposits Will Earn You Larger Interest in the

Waltham Co-Operative Bank

Call and inquire about our investments

H. B. ARNOLD & CO.

Manufacturers of

Canvas Boats and Canoes

—

Boats and Canoes To Let

—

299 CRESCENT ST., WOERD AVENUE,
WALTHAM, MASS.

—

Electric Cars Pass the Door

Tel. 1772-W

CANTON LOW CO.

American and Chinese Restaurant

168-170 MOODY ST.,
WALTHAM, MASS.

OUR CHOP SUEY IS UNEQUALLED

Tel. Wal. 21275

Dr. William Germain

DENTIST

131½ Moody St., Waltham, Mass.

Tel. Waltham 253-W

J. J. MURRAY

Optometrist and Optician

Rooms 6 and 7, Mercantile Bldg.,
Waltham, Mass.

Successor to J. J. Egan Optical Co.

MENDELSOHN'S

Hardware, Paints, Tools
Sporting Goods

215 MOODY ST.

Opp. Waltham Theatre. Tel. 1276-R

Henry C. Hall

Successor to Hall & Lyon Co.

Apothecary

The Rexall Store

HALL'S CORNER

Red Cross Pharmacy

367 Moody St., Waltham.

CARL D. BLOMBERGE

MERCHANT TAILOR

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods

Always on Hand to Select From.

28 Moody St., Waltham.

Call and See the Kelsey Warm Air Generator at

FRED H. KIRWIN'S

Plumbing, Heating and Electrical Work

588 Main St. **Waltham**

AMERICAN KNITTING CO.

INC.

Manufacturers of All Kinds of

Sporting and Athletic Knit Goods

The BEST in Sweaters and Jerseys

Makers of W. H. S.
Football Sweaters

WALTHAM, MASS.

Telephone Waltham 597

INTERESTED IN SPORTING

affairs in Waltham?
Read the daily sporting reports and note and comment in

THE EVENING NEWS

It is in the hands of a competent sporting writer and is a big and popular feature.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Taylor & Percival

186 MOODY STREET

B.C. AMES CO.
WALTHAM MASS. U.S.A.

MAKER OF

DIAL GAUGES BENCH LATHES

Watch, Clock and Small Machinery

COMPLIMENTS OF

LEMONT, PHOTOGRAPHER

COMPLIMENTS OF

The 20th Century Shoe Store

121 MOODY ST., WALTHAM.

Reasonable Shoe Outfitters for the whole family. Every pair of Shoes guaranteed.

We Give Legal Stamps

COMPLIMENTS OF

Boston Pencil Pointer Co.

Buy Your Ice Cream and Candy from

M. S. Junkins, 205 Moody St.

Successor to John Lewis

COMPLIMENTS OF

New England Coal Co.

"Burn Fulton's Coal"

RUSSELL A. LANG

207 MOODY ST., WALTHAM

Formerly E. E. Lincoln Shoe Co.,
AGENT FOR

Dorothy Dodd Shoes

For Women, and

M. A. Packard Shoes

For Men

Residence Telephone, 77-W

Office Telephone, 155-3

GEORGE A. CLARK,

Funeral Director and Embalmer

Lady Assistant when Desired

Automobiles and carriages furnished for all occasions.

158 MOODY STREET

C. F. HUNT CO.

Crockery, Glass, Tin and Wooden Ware,

Lamps, Lamp Fixtures and Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

685 Main Street, Waltham, Mass.

A FULL LINE OF

Graduation Presents

Stick Pins, Fobs, Rings, Watches and Bracelets.

R. B. JOHNSON, Jeweler

663 MAIN STREET, WALTHAM

TRY RUSSO'S ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS

Best in the City

F. A. RUSSO

Main and Hammond Streets,
Waltham.

Telephone 71333--211

Dear young people, as you go out into the world, ever remember the great conflict of the world-war; you and all of us are a part of it. Aim high and live within your means. When you keep house ever remember the KITCHEN, where your parents traded.

Yours for success,

G. A. Fiel, Prop. C. F. Buzzell, Mgr.

THE KITCHEN,

203 Moody St., Waltham, Mass.

Albany Biscuit Co.

Manufacturers Apollo Cake Cones

WALTHAM, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

KATSOS BROS.,

CONFECTIONERS,

Waltham, Mass.

Nutting's-on-the-Charles

BOATING, CANOEING, DANCING
REFRESHMENTS and AMUSEMENTS

THE NUTTING-PILLMAN AMUSEMENT CO.

WALTHAM MACHINE WORKS

MAKERS OF

Thread Milling Machines

Automatic Pinion and Gear Cutting Machines

Machines for Watch and Clock Factories

Sub Press Dies

FACTORY:

NEWTON AND CUTTER STS.,

WALTHAM.

New Design. Best Quality.

Life Accident Liability Fire

D. E. PERKINS

Real Estate and Insurance

Property Cared For. Rents Collected.

221½ MOODY STREET,

WALTHAM, MASS.

Notary Public Justice of the Peace

TEL. CONN.

Croquet Sets,

Ice Cream Freezers

C. H. DWINELL

Hardware, Paint and Seed Store

Tel. 226-M.

HOLLIS E. DENNEN

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

179 Moody Street,

Waltham, Mass.

Telephone 80

COMPLIMENTS OF

A Friend

The Elastoid Fibre Company

Manufacturers of

Electric Insulating Tubes, Washers, Etc.

For Electrical and Other Purposes

WALTHAM, MASS.

LAW AND AMERICA'S WORLD POSITION

America's new place in international politics and commerce challenges the young American.

He must equip himself for new world conditions with a knowledge of legal fundamentals.

LAW—its principles and application to all business is almost as necessary to the coming business man as it is indispensable to the lawyer.

Qualify for real leadership.

THE BOSTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL

gives a thorough training in legal principles.

LL.B. Course requires 3 years.

For Catalog, Address

HOMER ALBERS, Dean

11 Ashburton Place, Boston.

FINE

FOOTWEAR

MODERATE
PRICES

Rufus Warren & Sons

9 Moody Street, Waltham

Compliments of

Waltham Watch Co.,

Waltham, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of

Highest Grade Time Pieces